

The Herald and News

THE HEN IS A MONEY-MAKER.

She Produced 47,119,215 Dozen Eggs Last Year in Indiana—She Earned \$15,000,000—The Indiana Chicken Distributes as Much Money as the Glass and Stone Industries.

[From the Indianapolis News.]

The most valuable song sung in Indiana is the daily cackle of the satisfied hen. If she and her ally, the turkey hen, were to stop singing their monotonous lay the State of Indiana would be from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 poorer every year, and many whole communities in Indiana would suffer a financial paralysis and would wither up and be whisked away by the breezes that frisk around the crossroads.

There is nothing in Indiana that distributes money so widely over the State, or that loosens the tight screws on so many small bank accounts. All of this may serve as a thought-germ for the man whose habit is to shy a brick at the nother who pilots her brood across his garden lot.

If the hen were given the job, and were permitted to devote all of her energies to the general public good, she would maintain the State House, the judiciary and all of the State institutions, from penitentiaries to hospitals; she would educate all of the children in Indiana by meeting the annual public school expenses, and, on top of that, in a favorable year, she would meet the maintenance of all churches of all kinds in Indiana and discharge their home and foreign mission obligations. Her production, measured by the standard of the dollar, in many years is more valuable than the wheat production of Indiana, and most years she loses the cost yield production at the half way mark.

ONE OF THE BEST INDUSTRIES.

Indiana talks a great deal about her Bedford stone production and the wealth of her glass industries. The Indiana chicken, through the summer months alone, distributes as much money in the State as these industries combined. The Irish and sweet potato, barley and a half dozen cereal crops all combined fall far short in valuation of her production.

According to the figures compiled by the Government, the value of eggs and poultry grown in Indiana last year was \$15,000,000. Of that amount it is estimated that the egg crop was worth \$7,892,215. According to the chicken census, Indiana is credited with a population of 11,103,000 fowls.

State Statistician B F Johnson has just been compiling his poultry statistics for the last twelve months and has just struck his totals. His figures are compiled, first, by counties, on the township basis. The aggregate for the State shows that the egg market production in Indiana last year was 47,119,215 dozen. Wholesale poultry dealers, who cover the entire State, say that the average price of eggs during the last year was a fraction over 15 cents a dozen. On this basis the past twelve months' crop is given a valuation of \$7,067,881.21, which is but a little short of the Government estimate. According to State Statistician Johnson's returns there have been 37,211,600 pounds of poultry used and marketed in Indiana during the last year. The wholesalers state that 10 cents a pound will be a fair basis to figure that at. This places the valuation of the marketable poultry at \$3,721,160 and makes a total of \$10,789,041.25.

HEN WORTH MORE THAN PENSIONS.

The estimates made by the wholesale poultry dealers on the poultry sold in markets, as a rule, fall a little short of State Statistician Johnson's figures, but not much.

Even taking the State statistician's estimate, the good hen, in active production, dumps a million dollars more money into Indiana every year than the Government does in pensions. The money goes, too, where it will do the most good. Many homes in Indiana are run by wives who only have the small change to operate on and to clothe themselves, and if it were not for the chicken money the churches in thousands of small Indiana towns would close up their doors in a hurry.

All chickens look alike to most people, but as a matter of fact, when the Northern Indiana chicken meets the Southern Indiana chicken two extremes in animal life are face to

face. The Northern Indiana chicken is worth two cents more on the pound, but the Southern Indiana bird is the one that comes in with the egg money. She is the raw-boned, long, lean, lank fowl that has to climb up and down hillsides, and she develops long, strenuous legs.

When she is killed and hung up in market she makes a great show for length, but it is a lean, raw-boned, colorless body with long, spindling legs, and along scrawny neck. In the Eastern market, that controls prices, the Southern Indiana chicken is classed as "ordinary." But this chicken has one great merit—she is the most persistent layer known in chicken history. She gets down to work early in the year. Cold weather has a hard time heading off her daily song.

NORTHERN CHICKEN IS FANCY.

The Northern Indiana chicken is graded on the market as "fancy." She is a short-legged, plump-bodied, tender fowl and when dressed she has good color and it is for her that the stewards at Delmonico's and other fashionable places are looking. It is said by poultry dealers that the Big Four Railroad, as it cuts through Indiana and Illinois, and the Pennsylvania through Ohio, is the dividing line between this vastly different northern and southern chicken population. Eastern dealers, it is said, can tell by sight from what side of the railroad the marketed fowl comes.

Indiana is the very heart of the chicken belt, and the Indiana chicken and poultry and egg shipments compare with those of any other State. It is claimed that the finest chickens grown in the world come from the prairie sections of Indiana and Illinois, and from a section in Michigan. It is a fact that a chicken is seldom better than the soil it is raised on.

INFLUENCED BY ENVIRONMENT.

The poultry men say that a chicken is never better than the people with whom it associates. However, the difference of the stock in Indiana, it is said, is due entirely to the different opinion northern and southern Indiana people have concerning the chicken. The southern Indiana people think the egg more valuable than the chicken, and they use the egg laying varieties. The northern Indiana farmers, who have more corn and grain to feed, think that the chicken is the most valuable. The result is that, while the northern section has a greater chicken population, the southern section produces more eggs. Of course, there are exceptions to this sectional rule—fancy grade chickens are raised in southern Indiana and poor ones in the northern section, but they are exceptions to the rule.

EUTHANASIA.

The Passing from the Merchants to the Merciful—The Great Purpose of Man to Make the World a Little Better by Having Lived in It.

The following is a Sunday editorial from the Richmond News by Alfred B. Williams:

"It is a soft, musical word from a Greek root born far back in the forgotten years and among the lost peoples who felt the same untolerable longings we feel and were trying to make language to express them. It means to die gently and easily. Its significance is to pass—to glide as we do in half waking dreams—imperceptibly and without fear or pain, from the strife and turmoil here to an everlasting peace, from the dangers and the labor, the fears and the toils and the many burdens to an unbroken and a dreamless rest. In a moment, with the expiration of a breath, the heart that has beaten so hard against the breast so many times with dread or hope or suspense or anguish may be still to be aroused no more to tumultuous throbbing. The breast that has been strained with sighs and that has ached with grief may be true quiet and the body racked with pain may find release and freedom and long repose.

That is the hope of Euthanasia, of inviting death. A woman in Chicago who was a member of many women's clubs committed suicide the other day and left behind her the one word, "Euthanasia," and one of her associate members printed in justification of her act a poem with the same name. The substance of it is that when the cranker is at the heart of the rose it is better to scatter the petals while they are yet fresh and beautiful and fragrant than to see them wither; that when the bird is voiceless and the glory of its plumage is gone and its life represents nothing but silent suffering and pathetic waiting for the end it should be made to die quickly.

Doctors have discussed the same subject in their most secret thoughts and in their most serious gatherings frequently kept from the knowledge of the general public. Often it is a question with honest physicians when a case is hopeless and the patient longs to be released from the agony of living whether with a motion of the fingers, one single swift touch of the hand where no man may know, and the decision is between the man responsible, the human being under his care and the Creator of both, the suffering shall be ended and death brought with merciful swiftness to end it all so far as present life and the doctor's skill and knowledge go.

This is a question for the doctors. They may know when a life can mean nothing but a short period of agony or fear and they are responsible for what they do in that most solemn and trying of all hours. With them it is a matter of minutes. With many other people who think of euthanasia it is a matter of incalculable years. Nearly all of us have thought of it at one time or another. The long and silent and dauntless sleep beneath the sod seems very restful. The refuge from the toil and the burdens and strife, seems very easy. It is only the near and the always convenient water, and it is all over, so far as this life is concerned.

Yet has any one of us the right to say or to think that his or her life is ended, that the opportunities for its usefulness are gone? The rose beneath its fragrance and its beauty has no soul and the poor little bird has nothing but its song and plumage to give. Are we not more than they? Did not the Chicago club women who commended the act of their associate forget that the human mind and heart and soul abide in the human frame and that while they live they may be consecrated always to the highest and sweetest and noblest purposes and may bring forth the grandest results?

They have but a narrow and darkened view of the purpose and the meaning of human life. The rose dies soon when separated from its parent stem or at the coming of the autumn or with the passing of the summer day or the breath of the chilling winds from the North, and its fragrance pleases the senses a moment and is gone forever. The song of the bird lingers in the ear briefly and is forgotten. The hand, the tongue, the countenance, the eye of the living man or woman may do good as long as they are living and make results here and for the life unknown and beyond.

None of us having life or sense or faculties are helpless for good. Many a dying hour has exhaled fragrance expressed in a beautiful life, a triumphant death, years later, and in the glories of resurrection and realization of the dearest hopes of our race. Many a blighted life has borne fruit and blossomed never to be blighted or faded.

Not one of us living may say that our days of usefulness or of hope are gone. Always there is work to do for the poorest and feeblest and weakest and most disheartened of us. The roses and the birds die with the seasons and the times of their lives. The lives of any of us may be made to yield beauty and fragrance and

music which will go across the hidden river and carry memories of us and our propitiation for us and win mercy and love for us at the Great White Throne, where all will be judged, and in the sweet, calm fields of Eden all of us hope for, where the wicked shall trouble no more and the weary be at rest. Life may be hard, as it is often—and those esteemed most fortunate by the world which does not know what we have to bear as our burdens, the hidden burdens being the worst of all, may leave the hardest it all—may be cruel and desolate and hopeless for ourselves. Yet it may be made fruitful and beautiful and splendid in results if we can forget ourselves and remember that after all it is a matter of whether we will. The woman who sought euthanasia was seeking rest, unmindful of the work she had to do. There is a world full of poor sisters of hers needing help and a sister's hand and voice every moment of their sordid and miserable lives. If she had gone to the almshouse as an inmate, help less and pauperized, she could have found somebody more miserable than herself to comfort and strengthen and lift up.

Euthanasia—the peaceful and painless gliding out of life and its troubles—is sweet to the ear and many times sweeter to the thought of us, because to most of us our troubles sometimes seem heavier than we can bear. Yet it is but rank cowardice after all. It is a miserable evasion of responsibility. Dream as we may and hope as we may in youth and remember as we may in age, the grand purpose for which each of us has been brought into the world through the travail and suffering and danger of some woman is to make the world a little better because we have lived in it. That is the foundation idea for each of us to begin with. If we do begin with it, we will not lose it. If we acquire it, however late, we will find that we are never too poor to be useful, never too old or too feeble to be helpful, never while we have breath and strength in us past doing what we were sent to do, no matter what our records may show.

It is for each of us to live and to do and to hope. The Almighty and mysterious power may be trusted and

UBIAN TEA
CURES
DYSPEPSIA,
CONSTIPATION,
INDIGESTION,
ROUSES THE TORPID LIVER
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

GILDER & WEEKS

—THE—
National Bank of Newberry S C
(ESTABLISHED IN 1871.)
Capital - - - - - \$150,000.00
Surplus and Profits - 96,865.88

General banking business transacted with promptness. Special attention to collections. Correspondence solicited.

Savings Department.
Deposits allowed interest at the rate of 4 per cent per annum from date of deposit. Interest payable January 1st and July 1st of each year.

M. A. CARLISLE, Pres.
T. S. DUNCAN, Cashier.
J. W. M. SIMMONS, Asst. C.

Glenn Springs Railroad.
SCHEDULE IN EFFECT APRIL 2, 1902.
Daily—Except Sunday.
Lv Glenn Springs..... 9:00 a.m.
Rochester..... 9:45 a.m.
Ar Spartanburg..... 10:00 a.m.
Lv Spartanburg..... 11:00 p.m.
Rochester..... 11:45 p.m.
Ar Glenn Springs..... 12:00 a.m.

must be trusted to give the results. It is our part and our fate as men and women living in the world and born of women to meet what may come bravely, to accept the inevitable decrees of fate gallantly when we must, and with cheerful hearts and unflinching courage to do our parts to the end, trusting to nature or the doctors to release us to rest when the proper time comes."

Liberal railroad rates to the great State Fair will be made Fair week.

Do not miss the opportunity to take your family to the State Fair. Young and old will be instructed and entertained. All immoral, gambling and questionable features are rigidly excluded.

Do you wish to see the progress the farmers of the State are making in diversified and intensified agriculture? If so, visit the State Fair, Oct. 28th to 31st.

IF YOU WILL PUT a teaspoonful of Mexican Mustang Liniment into a glass half full of water and with this gargle your throat often it will quickly cure a Sore Throat.



Keep this

fact always fresh in your memory:—

For Cuts, Mashes and all Open Sores, you need only to apply

Mexican Mustang Liniment

a few times and the soreness and inflammation will be conquered and the wounded flesh healed.

To get the best results you should saturate a piece of soft cloth with the liniment and bind it upon the wound as you would a poultice.

25c., 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.

KEEP AN EYE ON your poultry and at the very first sign of Roup, Scaly Legs, Bumblefoot or other diseases among your fowls use Mexican Mustang Liniment.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

THE GREAT HIGHWAY OF TRADE AND TRAVEL

Uniting the Principal Commercial Centers and Health and Pleasure Resorts of the South with the

NORTH, EAST and WEST.

High-Class Vestibule Trains, Through Sleeping Cars between New York and New Orleans, via Atlanta, Cincinnati and Florida Points via Atlanta and via Asheville.

New York and Florida, either via Lynchburg, Danville and Savannah, or via Richmond, Danville and Savannah.

Superior Dining-Car Service on all Through Trains. Excellent Service and Low Rates to Charleston, account South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition.

Winter Tourist Tickets to all Resorts now on sale at reduced rates.

For detailed information, literature, time table, rates, etc., apply to nearest ticket agent, or address:
A. M. HARDWICK, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.
W. M. TAYLOR, Sec. Gen. Pass. Agent, Atlanta, Ga.
R. W. HUNT, Dist. Passenger Agent, Charleston, S. C.
J. C. BEAN, District Pass. Agent, Atlanta, Ga.

Columbia, Newberry & Laurens R.R. Co.

(Eastern Standard Southbound.)

Sch. date in Effect August 26th 1902

STATIONS.

Time	Station	Time	Station
8:40 am	Lv Atlanta (S.A.L.)	Ar 8:50 pm	Atlanta (S.A.L.)
10:00 am	Albion	8:10 pm	Albion
11:15 am	Abbeville	8:30 pm	Abbeville
12:25 pm	Greenwood	8:45 pm	Greenwood
2:15 pm	Ar Clinton (Din'r)	Lv 2:45 pm	Clinton (Din'r)

(O.S.W.C.)

Time	Station	Time	Station
10:00 am	Lv Glenn Springs	Ar 4:00 pm	Glenn Springs
11:15 am	Spartanburg	8:30 pm	Spartanburg
12:25 pm	Greenville	8:45 pm	Greenville
1:12 pm	Waterloo	8:55 pm	Waterloo
1:42 pm	Ar Laurens (Din'r)	Lv 2:15 pm	Laurens (Din'r)

Time	Station	Time	Station
2:22 pm	Clinton (Din'r)	Ar 2:45 pm	Clinton (Din'r)
3:40 pm	Lv Laurens (A.O.L.)	Ar 4:00 pm	Laurens (A.O.L.)
4:00 pm	Clinton (A.O.L.)	Ar 4:15 pm	Clinton (A.O.L.)

Trains 3 and 62 write and depart from a new union depot. For Station Time Tables, or further information call on any Agent, or write to W. G. CHILDS, President, T. M. EMERSON, General Agent, Columbia, S. C.

J. F. LIVINGSTON, H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Agt. & Pass. Agt. Columbia, S. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.

Wilmington, N. C.